you, sir, not of any lawyers—nor of all the lawyers."
I warn you. Mind, I warn you solemnly.

are you resolved upon getting your revenge? Will you attempt to spread this invention—this monstrous collection of lies about among the lackeys who frequent

life-with more bombastic stuff of

drunkard's brain. He turned pale; he

"What?" he cried. "Whose prisoner?

To be concluded.

Drew the Line at Murder.

From the Philadelphia Times

On his last visit to Philadelphia Col. Henry

Watterson told a story that did not get into print. It was about a much battered old

lawyer who went up into the mountain region to collect a claim. He was lame and half blind and one-armed. A local celebrity

which he was interested until his visits be-

man in incredible dismay, and before he knew what he was doing he was backing out of the room. When he reached the street he burst into tears. The inhabitants crowded

around and asked him what was the matter.
"He druy me out," he wailed. "Druy me right out of the room. Said he's tired o' lookin' at me and won't let me come back

no more. "Way d dn't you shoot h'm?" asked the

erowd "shoot him?" echoed the slayer of many lives "Shoot him? He couldn't walk. He couldn't see. He's deef and couldn't hear. He couldn't run and he couldn't fight. Why, feller citizens, if I'd a-shot him it would a been murder."

From the Washington Post. "Men pride themselves on their superior economy," says a well-known young Washing-ton matron, "but it is without good grounds. Take gloves, for instance. You buy more

gloves in a year than I do, and you are not well-gloved half the time. You put a pair

came extremely tiresome.

of parchment.

CHAPTER XX.

PLATTERY AND PERSUASION. It will be remarked how this business, designed by the dressmaker in her own interests as a secret, hole and corner affair, not to be known by any one save herself and the lady concerned, had become gradually extended until it was known by many and might be talked about over the whole

There is, indeed, no secreey possible when two persons know of a thing, for one or the other will infallibly talk about it; indeed, the best way of letting some event become known everywhere is to communicate it as a profound secret.

The lady was to secure herself against arrest or molestation by transferring her debts to another person; there is but one way of effecting this desirable exchange. namely by marriage. First, she was to marry a prisoner on the poor side of the King's Bench prison; Oliver was the prisoner chosen for the part, as being penniless and friendless. The lady refused him; her refuse! and her recurity were the foundation of Oliver's subsequent success; he, there-

of Oliver's subsequent success; he, therefore, for one was not disposed to forget either the one or the other.

Then followed the business in Newgate. There were concerned in this, which was to be a matter of such profound secrecy that no one was to know anything about it, the happy bridegroom, the parson and his clerk, and the turnkey, the first of them the cught to have been hanged was replied and had now returned; the second had his registers to teil the truth, the clerk and the turnkey might be neglected—they would not care for the name of the bride nor would they remember the circumstance.

There must be hundreds who remember you. They will neet you in the tavern and in the street. How can you feel safe from them? What!' they cry. There's Adolphus! He's come back! The great Adolphus! The brave Adolphus! The gallant Adolphus, that all the women fell in love with and all the men envied! We thought he was hanged. We heard he was gone to the plantations. We never looked to see him again. Behold him, as great about, and the informers bear of it, and the next thing you know is the arrival of a posse, with a head constable, and off you go to Newgale again. And then there's an end, because you won't get, another respite.

would not care for the name of the bride nor would they remember the circumstance.

There remained Mrs. Brymer herself; she had communicated the fact to the droper of Ludgate Hill; he, after three years of bankruptcy and begging, was become the tool of two designing persons, who were using hir, for their own purposes; if he chose he would spread the news abroad by means of the most scandalabroad by means of the most scandalloving community in the whole town, that of the servants' hall.

of the servants' hall.

As yet there was no whisper of scandal against isabel. In a town full of whispers, nods, murmurs, smiles and hints, her name had remained spotless; it was Oliver's task to keep it so.

Fortune, aided by his own courage and resource, had belped him; he had found out that whatever scandal might arise there was no foundation for any fear of molestation. The man chiefly concerned was not only a fugutive liable to be executed without trial, but he had also been married at the time of the ceremony in Newgate.

This would not stor the voice of scandal, but it would prevent the dancer of further

but it would prevent the danger of further action on the part of the pretended husband. The man could do nothing except—if he here once more an escupant of the con-demned coll-tell the story of his bigamy within the walls.

therefore, addressed himself Ohrer. fly to this danger. You have heard be had devised a plan for the escape he negro. His plan was to place him the negro. His plan was to place him a board a ship bound for the west coast Africa, his old country. He thought that y mising his apprehensions of arrest, wen though no one was looking after him, wen though no one induce him to go, but world not only induce him to go, but

lie repaired to the port and made inquiries. One of the watermen took him to a ship in the Pool which was fitting out for a voyage to the Gold Coast and was almost ready; he saw it e capiain, and, after a little negotiation, found that he would a little negistation, found that he would not retuse to take a negro passenger with a white wife, on the condition that he confined himself entirely to the folk'sle or the bows, out of eight, that he would supply him with rum and rations for a price to be arranged; that he would land the man on the Gold Coast without lasking questions to be before and history; and that he tas to his instory; and that he would not sell him as a slave, a thing which the captains of such ships are strongly tempted to do, seeing that a full-grown negro still in the prime of manheed is worth more than £50 before he is shipped for Jamaica

There are not wanting indeed, divines who preach and teach that the negro is descended from an inferior creature, having another Adam and Eve, of black complevion, for their ancestors; and another garden of Eden, in which the forbidden fruit was probably the watermelon, situated somewhere near the west coast sinated somewhere near the west coast of Airlon; and being cursed with the burden of labor, not for themselves—an alleviation granted to the white man—but for others, in perpetual slavery, owing to original sins, the nature of which has not been recorded. For this reason, the captains are not perhaps to be blamed if they engage in the traffic of black labor.

However, the man seeming indifferent honest, Oliver concluded the bargain with him and engaged to put on board the black

ing, but took his rum with no one but Doll, whose conversational powers he despised. He was by this time in a condition of terror, ich made him easy to handle; he mistrusted the company which used the tovern in the evening, they were mostly, he knew, men of honor, being sailors, who scorn to turn informer for the sake of the reward. however great; but there were craftsmen an lig them who were not governed by the same nice principles; he was greatly distance that, moreover, by the rumor of a hue nd cry brought to him by this Irishman, whom he trusted. Now, the reward for arresting a runaway

Now, the reward for arresting a runaway from the plantations is £20; the thief-taker, it is well known, keeps his man until he has qualified for the noble reward offered for a highwayman, which is no less than £60, with a Tyburn ticket, the horse and sense of the individual and a share of the booty. It will be seen in the event that Mr. Truno's approhensions were well-founded, though the name of the informer, for reasons that you will learn, was never divulged.

for reasons that you will learn, was never divulged.

"Sir" said Oliver-he pronounced the word in Irish fushion, "sorr"-but we pass ever these tricks of speech adopted to all the possible suspicion. Besides, they are beneath the dignity of history. "I have done as you desired."

It will be seen that for readiness of invention when it suited his purpose, this lawyer had few equals and no superiors.

"I have done it," he repeated.

"What have you done?"

"I have done what you told me to do

"i have done what you told me to do storday." He communicated this in-

highest importance.

"What did I tell you to do?"

"You might have been thought drunk, though it was early, but I know better.

Nothing makes you drunk. A noble figure

Nothing makes you drunk. A noble figure o' a mun, you are, sure, with a thirst upon you like the mouth of a lime kiln that nothing satisfies. Nothing can make you drunk. If it had been an ordinary man, now—but it was you—and you can't get drunk, not if you was to try your best.

"That's neither here nor there. What did I tell you to do? Thore's a many things to think about. What did I tell you to do? You said to me, speakin' free but confidential—you said: There's no safety for me here. Any one of the company may go out and lay an information. I must get clean away from here—out of danger—says you. But, Lord! you remember.

"Suppose I don't remember. Go on as

if I didn't remember. Let me see if you Trib he said, thinking it mighty cunning, because for his own part he remembered just nothing at all of any such conversation having, indeed, made himself drunk as David's son by himself in the evening.

"Sir, I shall try. You said so much. Then you said, speaking low. 'I can get what money I want: I shall take ship, says you, 'as passenger, not as a landsman, aboard some ship bound for the Gold Coast. There's plenty ships,' says you,

Coast. There's plenty ships, says you, bound for the Gold Coast." "I said that, did I? Well, so far it's true. You've a good memory. Go on, my lad."

true. You've a good memory. Go on, my lad."

"Them was your very words. Come, don't ray you've forgotten when I've been all the morning at work for you."

"I didn't say so. Go on—"

"Then you said, 'Go to-morrow morning down to the Pool,' you said, 'Make inquiries you said, 'Find a ship fitting out for the Gold Coast, which is my native country, and where I am a prince when I'm at home. A prince,' yer said."

A prince, 'yer said."

"I did say so; I remember now. It's quite true. A prince I am, and like to be a king when I get back to my own people.

be a king when I get back to my own people.

A king, mind you, with an umbrella."

"There! What did I tell ye? 'Go,' says you, 'go and make them inquiries."

"I remember—Mac-what's your-name—I remember. It's safer for me to go back to my own country than to be lying snug and quiet here. I'm sick of lying snug, and that's the truth."

"If you was not so big and strong that all the world must needs look after you it would be safe to stay in this town, which ought to be big enough for you and the constables and the informers all together. But there it is. You can't be forgotten.

"There must be hundreds who remember to the tayern."

was great; he felt it; as a housebreaker he was second to none; no bolts or bars would keep him out of a house if he intended he was, he knew, a fine figure of o get in: a man; his color caused no diminution of his self-conceit; it helped people to ad-mire him; he was proud of the distinction

mire him; he was proud of the distinction of a velvety skin and a woolly pate, he was so strong that he feared no man, and at the same time he was now in mortal terror of a recapture and another stay-very short this time—in that fetid court.

He listened, therefore, swallowing all the flattery and swelling with pride, even while his heart sank within him for terror.

"Greatness," he said, "is very well in its way, but I want to escape the constable and his posse."

"Why, you have yourself invented a way."

and his posse."

"Why you have yourself invented a way
Who but you could have thought of such
a simple way? 'I will go back,' says you,
to my native country.' There's a mind! 'to my native country.' There's a mind There's brains! There's invention for you!

"My enemies have never called me a

fool."

"How could they? Why, man, they're too much afradid of you. A fool? Ho! ho! Adolphus Truxo a fool."

"Look you—Mr. Mac-what's-your-name. I'm sick of it—I want to be outside again. Now, have you carried out them orders of mine?"

mine?"
"Mr. Truxo, I have. And faithful. Everything is settled. I've seen the captain on board his own ship. He'll give you a berth and rations, with rum. He will sail in a day or two. Everything is settled, even to paying the money."
"Paying the money! Where did you get the money?"

Oliver hestitated. He thought of declaring that Mr. Truxo himself had given him the money. He would have done soas the safest course, but for the acci-dent that he did not know what money he had. He therefore, with many qualms for associating even the thought of Isabel with the ruffian of the basest kind answered

"Do you mean that she—she—gave it?"
"Who else would give it?"—the man would be gone in a day or two—let him go with a sense of obligation if possible. Isabel would not know—"Who else, I ask you. Mr. Truxo, would give it?"
"Oh, she gave it, did she?"
"Uney! Husel! Delli is downstairs. She's

"Hush! Hush! Doll is downstairs. She's jealous.

of Africa; and being cursed with the burden of labor, not for themselves—an alleviation granted to the white man—but for others, in perpetual slavery, owing to original sins, the nature of which has not been recorded. For this reason, the captains are not perhaps to be blamed if they engage in the traffic of black labor.

However, the man seeming indifferent honest, Oliver concluded the bargain with him and engaged to put on board the black man and his white wife.

So he went back to his friend in Drury Lane and resumed his disguise as an Irish craftsman escaping from Dublin in order to avoid arrest and trial and the probable consequences. And once more he repaired to the White Dog of Great Hermitage Street.

Mr. Truxo was lying snug as he had promised to do. That is to say, he was sitting alone in his bedroom having for company a jug of beer and his own thoughts, which were gloony.

He had not ventured below in the evening, but took his rum with no one but Doll, whose conversational powers he despised. She gave it did she? Then I'll go and

her behind "
Adolphus laughed. "She's my wife?
So is a dozen more of 'em, here and there.
As for leaving her behind. I did it before and I'd do it again." "Doll must go with you. It is not safe to leave her behind man! The law can reach as far as the Gold Coast and a jealous

reach as far as the Gold Coast and a jealous wife can send out orders for your arrest out there as well as at home."

"If she must come, then, I suppose she must. Well, there's fever on that coast. There's comfort in the thought. Oh! Yes. Doll can come, if you think it safer. I'm tired of Doll; she's ugly, Give me a creature like—But Doll can come. Oh! yes—she can come," he chuckled. "She said the other day that she would die for me. She shall die for me if she likes. Better than, than live with me."

Oliver was not squeamish, but the sight

shall die for me if she likes. Better than, than live with me "
Oliver was not squeamish, but the sight of this brute anticipating the death of his wife by fever was almost too much for him. However, he restrained himself.
"Doll would not be happy without you. Well, when can you go aboard? The captain expects to sail in two days. You can go aboard when you please. The sooner the better, because the captain will not wait. As soon as the cargo is la'd down and her papers are ready he will drop down the river."

"I will go to-morrow. The sooner I get out of the place where I am nothing more than a prisoner the better. I will go on board to-morrow evening at nightfall."

"I will come to see you off. If I were only going, too."
"Come with me. Why not?"
"I am afraid of the fever. The white men all die. Besides, no one knows me here. I shall get a job somewhere along the river. The drink is good here and the company is good, since I can't go back to Dublin again. And here no one knows why I left Ireland."

So, this matter arranged to his satisfection, though at the price of many inventions—

why I left Ireland."

So, this matter arranged to his satisfection, though at the price of many inventions-let us hope they were forgiven, considering the good intentions of the inventor—Oliver returned to Drury Lane and once more laid aside his disguise and resumed the habits of a lawyer of the outer bar

CHAPTER XXI

At 7 in the morning oliver walked down Jermyn street, followed by a man at whose sight many trembled; some hid themselves in the newly opened shops; some turned harriedly down side streets; some fairly took to their heels and ran away. In the neighborhood of St. James where raked spendthrifts, prodigals and gamesters mostly have their lodgings, the man's face HE WOULD HAVE REVENGE.

know the tale I shall tell. R. e a tale what will kill the lady's reputation.

"Yes—I know it quite well. I also know what we shall do when you have told it."

"What will you do, then?"

"We shall turn you into the street. You will have no more drink, not to speak of food and lodging. Your wife will not admit you to her lodging. She has done with you. Your daughter will not help you. She is disgusted with you. The lady herself will not help you. The fine friends upon whom you depend will not help you. Consider, if you can think of anything, what it is you will bring upon yourself."

"I will have my revenge. I shall drag her—drag her—drag her—drag her—drag and

was familiar, much more so than it would be in the city.

Those who saw that face remembered a certain terrifying tap on the shoulder, more dreaded than the cannon's mouth; they recalled the slip of paper, the exhibition of the King's Crown in brass surmounting the short rod of office. These things are suggested by the sour visage of the functionary who followed close at Oliver's heels and gave those who observed it the suspicion that this lawyer had been rapped on the shoulder, had seen the slip of paper, the catchpole, and would shortly be on his way to a sponging house—dreadful porch of the debtors' prison.

"My friend," said Oliver, when they arrived at the Grapes tavern, "you will remain outsic's. Walk up and down. If I want you I will bring out your man, whom you will immediately arrest. If I do not want you I will come out alone."

The man nodded and proceeded to obey instructions. He stationed himself at the door of the tavern and walked backward and forward, never more than a few feet from the portals, in case of an attempt to escape.

The few customers—gentlemen of the

"I will have my revenge. I shall drag her—drag her—drag her—he was a little uncertain what he was going to drag and hesitated—drag her name into the dust. She will never be able to recover—never.

"You will do your worst. If you please. Then our turn will come. And you will starve afterward."

"I shall have my revenge. And my friends—there's a noble Lord—think of that! A noble Lord among them—they will not see me starve; they will keep me in this house, where the company is good—yes—and the drink is good—and plenty of it—I have never, not even in the days of my prosperity enjoyed so much good drink and so many kinds of it. My friends will look after me. I am not afraid of you, sir, not of any lawyers—nor of all the

escape.

The few customers—gentlemen of the worsted epaulette—who came to the house as usual for their morning draught, turned away at sight of this Cerberus, for the catchpole respects not any person, not even a footman. Perhaps it was Mr. Pinder himself, the landlord, whom he wanted; no one knows what accidents may happen, even to substantial men like mine host of the Grapes.

Perhaps it was one of their own com-

Perhaps it was one of their own com-pany—who could it be? Perhaps the sher-iff's officer waited for the observer himself—who can tell what old things may be re-—who can tell what old things may be revived, what new things may be revealed, what plots may be invented? So that the early customer turned and fled in haste, going elsewhere for the morning draught.

Meantime Oliver proceeded with his business, which was one of mercy. He desired to remove the man Fulton from a place where he might do mischief and might be persuaded to cause scandal.

True, he was drunk nearly the whole

True, he was drunk nearly the whole ay; drunk and incapable of articulate speech or collecting and marshaling his thoughts, if he had any left; but a sot has sometimes lucid moments, just as on a day of gloom and black clouds the sun will of gloom and black clouds the sun will sometimes emerge for a few moments; the danger lay in the chance of these lucid moments, which occur, as every one knows, in these days of drinking, even when the man has become a mere cask of mixed liquors, and his brain, to outward seeming, has been overshadowed by the vapors of punch and port, rum and strong gale, small beer and early purl.

Oliver found his man already dressed sitting in the parlor; no one else was there;

oliver found his man already dressed sitting in the parlor; no one else was there; the windows were shut, and the place still reeked with the fumes of tobacco, punch, beer and all the drinks of the tavern and of

beer and all the drinks of the tavern and of a crowded company. The man sat crouched together, in an elbow chair, a prey to the dejection which always possessed him in the morning.

He had called for his tankard, but it had not yet been brought. His blood-shot eyes glanced uneasily about the room, as if he expected to see things. He had already seen rats where he knew that no as if he expected to see things. He had already seen rats where he knew that no rats could be; perhaps he expected to see them in the parlor.

Without, the summer morning was fresh

and clear; the sunshine was bright; the air was cool. Strange that men should prefer the stinking parlor of a tavern to the fresh oliver wheeled round his chair and sat down before the man.

"Sir, I would have a little discourse with you."

Mr. Fulton raised his head and looked at him with a little languid curiosity.

"Sir." he said. "You are a lawyer. I love not lawyers. I have had enough of lawyers. What do you want with me? Charles—Charles," he cried pettishly. Myale. Bring me my tankard."

ale. Bring me my tankard."
"I am not come with any hostile intent.
Fulton. You were once a bankrupt I believe." "I was. I was. Mine, sir, was a bank-

ruptcy worth remembering. I'm not afraid of you. As to my debts, the creditors

afraid of you. As to my debts, the creditors were content to leave me my liberty."

"So I have heard"

"They took all my worldly goods, sir—the stock of my shop, worth many thousands; the good will of my business, worth as much again; my furniture and silver plate alone worth many hundreds; my valuable books and pedigrees and furniture, heirlooms, sir—they took all Their rapacity was beyond belief. Let me tell you, sir, that no bankruptcy in the city ever excited more interest. For weeks there was nothing talked about on 'Change. A noble failure! talked about on 'Change. A noble failure Charles. my tankard, my tankard."

diplomatically.

"Mr. Truzo," he said in accents reproachful. "Why try to keep the secret from me? As if there is anybody else who would give you the money!"

"Do you mean that answered "Sir." said Oliver, "I know the history of your failure. It will be well for you to reserve these imaginary allegations for the tavern company. The amount for which you failed was under £500.

which you failed was under £500.

"Your stock was practically worthless. You had no silver plate, but took your meals off pewter. Your books consisted of Fox's 'Books of Martyrs,' Molls's geography, a ready reckoner, a book of common prayer and Baker's history.

"As for your pictures and furniture, the less said the better. Indeed, Mr. Fulton, your bankruptcy was remarkable for nothing else than the fact that few citizens in business, supposed to be substantial,

in business, supposed to be substantial, have ever failed for so trifling a sum."

The tankard was brought. Mr. Fulton took a long pull and sat upright with a sigh of relief.

"I suppose you know better than my-

"I suppose you know better than my-self," he said. "Pray, sir, have you come here to set me right on my own private affairs?"

here to set me right on my own private affairs?"

"Presently—presently After you had taken the first steps of bankruptcy, being forced thereto by your creditors, you bethought yourself of a certain lady who was indebted to you in the sum of something like £100, be the amount more or less."

"She was. It was this woman who drove me into bankruptcy. It was not £100, but £1,200."

"Ta—ta—ta—Mr. Fulton—I am a lawyer and I know the facts. It was less than £100. The debt was not due for two months to come. You concealed the debt from your creditors; you removed the entry from your books. It was a fraudulent act. Mr. Fulton, a fraudulent act." Oliver shook his forefinger in the other's face. Mr. Fulton buried his nose again in the tankard. "You resolved on getting this money for yourself and thereby defrauding your creditors."

Mr. Fulton felt encouraged by the beer. "Sir," he said, "I don't know who you are, but let me tell you, sir, that you lle. All lawvers are liars. That is all I have to say. You lie."

"Mr. Fulton, if you give me the lie you will provoke me to take steps which will

All lawvers are liars. That is all I have to say. You lie."

"Mr. Fulton, if you give me the lie you will provoke me to take steps which will give you great pain. Do not be afraid," for the man held the tankard before his face as if for protection. "I am not going to pull your nose. My proceedings will be of a more legal, character—and much more lasting in their effects."

"What do you come here for, then?"

"I come to remonstrate with you and to protect a lady—none other than the lady whom you drove by your pretences and threats to take certain decisive steps, otherwise not to be recommended, for her own safety"

"Why, the defrauded me!" the man

wise not to be recommended, for her own safety "
"Why, she defrauded me!" the man shrieked. "She defrauded me, I say. What do you mean by your cock and a buil story? What do you know about it? She defrauded me."

"You have been placed in this house in order to keep you quiet. You have observed the silence for which you were paid. Your wages are your board and lodging with as much drink as you please to call for."

"That may be so—I shall not deny it. I have been paid for silence That shows how much the lady is afraid of me. Sir, I say again, she defrauded me. As for my, defrauding my creditors, I would have you to know that I am an honest man—an honest

defrauding my creditors, I would have you to know that I am an honest man—an honest man, sir "

"You have been paid by persons acting without the knowledge of this lady. She is not in the least afraid of you."

The man laughed. "Not afraid of me? A fine story, truly! Well, sir, you may tell the lady that unless she continues to buy my silence—at a much higher figure than she has yet paid—I wil make the whole own ring with the story. Yes—the story of her marriage and of her fraud."

"You make the twn ring? You, the companion of lackeys! You, a poor, contemptible bankrupt and beggar, ragamuffin? What do you mean by your "Oh, you may defy me." He was by this time restored partially, not quite, to his ordinary condition of a muddy brain.

"You defy me? Why, sir, you don't even glove in a year than I do, and you are not well-gloved half the time. You put a pair on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you buy them and get the fingers on when you keeps they are thrown as a strain on the seams, they rip, and in a few weeks they are thrown as a train on the seams, they rip, and in a few weeks they are thrown as a strain on the seams, they rip, and in a few weeks they are thrown as a strain on the seams, they rip, and in a few weeks they are thrown as a strain on the seams, they rip

ANDIRON TALES.

Being the Remarkable Adventures of Boy Will a Lively Imagination.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Copyright, 1902, by John Kendrick Banas.

CHAPTER I

TOM AND THE ANDIRONS. It was now perfectly natural in one re spect, anyhow. There was really no rea-son in the world why Tom should not lie upon the great bearskin rug in front of he library fire those cold winter nights he wanted to, nor need any one be surprised that he should want to

It was indeed a most delightful place to lie in: The rug itself was soft and in every way comfortable and comforting.

The fireplace itself was one of those huge hospitable affairs that might pass in some apartment houses in our narrow cooped-up city streets for a butler's pantry or small reception room-in fact in the summer time Tom used to sit in the fireplace and pretend he was in his office transacting business with such of his sister's dolls as could be induced to visit him there; giving orders to imaginary clerks and bookkeepers and keeping an equally fauciful boy continually on the run.

"I warn you. Mind, I warn you solemaly. The tale you will tell is not true. It is not true that this lady owed you £1,200; it is not true that her account, which was for less than £100, was overdue; it is not true that any action of hers put you into bankruptcy; it is not true, finally as you think of telling people, that she married a convict under sentence of death."

"What? Not true? Why, she married a negro—negro, sir—a black beast of a negro—who is hanged."

"She did nothing of the kind. Well, sir, are you resolved upon getting your re-And then apart from the rug and the fireplace it was a beautiful room in which they were. Tom's father was very fond books, and, although he was a great many years older than Tom, he had not forgotten how to enjoy the very same kind of books that Tom liked.

He was not ashamed to have one little niche of his library filled with the stories which had delighted him in his boyhood days, and which still continued to please him, and, of course, this lent an additional charm to the library in Tom's eyes.

invention—this monstrous collection of lies about among the lackeys who frequent the house?"

"Sir." He attempted an attitude of dignity, but his shoulders lurched and his head reeled. "Sir," he said with increased thickness of speech. "It has been my boast and my pride, throughout my life, to forgive nobody. Revenge is dearer to me than life. I defy you. Do your worst. I will have revenge."

Oliver considered this poor impotent boaster with a kind of pity. The man was so contemptible and so obstinate. His decision was to bring him to a right mind if possible and to persuade him, rather than to threaten him. into abandoning these wild threats of revenge. Any man, however ignorant and helpless, may do muschief with a lighted torch.

"Come." he said, "you talk at random. You propose to tell your friends the lackeys—whatever you please. I do assure you. Mr Fulton, upon my honor, that your friends, as you call them, have given you up; that your maintenance in this house has been abandoned. You are about to be turned into the street. How will you tell them, then, this or any other story? You have no money to call for more drinks there is not one among them all who will oblige you with a pot of small beer. How will you tell them?"

"I will have my revenge. I will have my revenge." he replied, with a poor show of doggedness.

"On the other hand, I am empowered to make you an ofier—an ofier which you do not deserve. Now, listen, Mr. Fulton. It held his heroes, and on some of those drowsy nights when the only sounds to break the stillness of the room were the scratching of his father's pen, the soft humming of some little tune by his mother sitting and sewing by the evening lamp, and the fierce crackling of the burning logs. Tom could almost see these heroes stepping down from the shelves and like so many phantoms flitting in and about stepping down from the shelves and like so many phantoms flitting in and about the room. In fact, upon one occasion, Tom is convinced he did see these very people having a dance upon the tiled hearth—but of that you shall hear later. There were many other things in the littary besides his heroes that interested Ton. There was a little Japanese ivory god that used to sit up on the mantelshelf and gaze wisely at him, as much as to say. "Dear me, boy, what a lot I could tell you

and gaze wisely at him, as much as to say, "Dear me, boy, what a lot I could tell you if I only would!"

Then, too, there was a very handsome vase on top of one of the bookcases that had two remarkable dragons climbing up its sides, the tail of one of them so fixed that if any one chose to use the vase for a pitcher the tail would make a very convenient handle, at which the other dragon appeared to be laughing heartily—this dragon always appeared to be laughing heartily, which he had no reason to do, because his own tail was not arranged any too gracefully. On the other hand, I am empowered to make you an ofier—an ofier which you do not deserve. Now, listen, Mr. Fulton. The offer is this: You are to go into the country, fifteen miles at least from town. If you consent to this, and promise to circulate no more stories about bills and fraudulent doings and—and marriages in Newgate, you shall receive the sum of

any too gracefully.

But the things that, next to Jack the Giant Killer, and Beauty and the Beast, and Tom Thumb and his other heroes and heroines, Tom liked the most were two Newgate, you shall receive the sum of fifteen shillings a week. With fifteen shillings you can pay for a room and a ned. They will cost you, say, two shillings a week; your food will cost you say, eightnesses, a day, these receives a day. great brazen Andirons that stood in the fireplace. To Tom these Andirons, though up to the night when our story begins up to the night when move, seemed

They will cost you, say, two shillings a week; your food will cost you say, eightpence a day; there remains for drink and for clothes the sum of eight shillings a week. There, Mr. Fulton, is my ofier."

The man drank off the rest of the tankard. He was now incapable of understanding anything properly; he saw things in a haze, not clearly; he had returned to his ordinary condition—he was half drunk; words and things had no more meaning for him.

"Don't waste your breath," he said thickly, "talking nonsense. I will have my revenge. This is a comfortable house; the company is good, the drink is good and plentiful—I have never before had such a skinful of good drink."

"Very good, Mr. Fulton, very good. Please to step this way with me."

Oliver took the man by the arm. He was quite unresisting and rose murmuring and repeating in broken language that he had always prided himself on having his revenge, and that revenge was dearer than life with more horehastic stuff of brain. They had big, round, good-natured faces, They had big, round, good-natured faces, that shone like so much gold. Their necks were slight and graceful, but as they developed downward toward their handsome feet the Andirons grew more portly, until finally they came to look like a pair of amiable sea serpents without much length. Tom's uncle said they looked like cats, with sunflowers for heads, swan necks for bodies, and very little of the cat about them save the claws. This description made Tom laugh, but the more he thought about it the more truthful did it seem to him to be.

him to be.

For so long a time as Tom could remember, summer and winter, those Andirons had sat staring stolidly ahead in their accustomed place, and not until that December night had they even so much as winked at him—but on that occasion they more than made up for all their previous revenge, and that revenge was dearer than

silence and seeming unsociability.

Tom was lying on the rug, as usual, and
I am afraid was almost asleep. The logs
were burning fiercely and at first Tom
thought that the words he heard spoken
were nothing but their crackling and hissne mused.

Oliver led him to the door, where the Sheriff's officer stood like a sentinel. At a signal this man stepped forward and tapped the revengeful bankrupt on the shoulter, at the same time producing a slip of parchinent.

"In the name of the law, he said, "you are my prisoner.

Some gleam of intelligence crossed the

"What?" he cried. "Whose prisoner?
"Mine." Oliver replied. "I am the detaining creditor. The debt is that for drink at the Grapes. I gave you every chance. You will now, in the King's Bench prison, reflect at leisure on the consequences of desiring revenge. You may tell any stories you please—on the poor side. You will have no drink and very little food. I have nothing more to say to you. Officer, take him away."

To be concluded.

thought that the words he heart sloter were nothing but their crackling and hissing, but in a minute he changed his mind about that, for the very good reason that the Lefthandiron—as Tom's unche once called it—winked his eye at Tom and said:

"Hullo, Sleepyhead."

Tom only returned the wink. He was too much surprised to say anything.

"His name isn't Sleepyhead." said the Righthandiron, with a grin. "It's Thomas D. Pate."

"What's the D for?" asked the other.

"Dozy—Thomas Dozy Pate," exclaimed the Righthandiron. "His ancestors were Sleepyheads on his mother's side, and Dozy Pates on his father's side."

"Tisn't so at all!" cried Tom, indignantly. "My mama wasn't a Sleepyhead, and my name isn't Dozy Pate."

"He's such a Sleepyhead he doesn't know his own name." said the Lefthandiron "That's a curious thing about the Sleepyheads and the Dozy Pates. They very seldom know their own names—and even seldom know their own names—and even when they do they always deny that they are what they are. Why, I really believe if I told Tom here that he was a Dormouse

"I told form here that he was a boy."
"I am a boy." said Tom stoutly, "and I'm not a Dormouse."
Both of the Andirons laughed heartily at this, and the Righthandiron, dancing a little jig, sang over and over again this

in the case was the district's dead shot, who had killed many men and who was ready to shoot anything or anybody. He came in daily to see the lawyer about a case in Finally the lawyer exclaimed: "Get out of here and stay out of here. Get out right way. I'm sick of seeing you. Don't stand here. Go on out, I tell you." The desperado looked at the wreck of a

a little jig, sang over and over again this couplet:

He can't be very smart. I wis, if he can't see that's what he is.

"Get him a mirror," said the Lefthandiron. "We can't blame him for thinking he is a boy, because everybody has told him he is a boy except ourselves, and being a Sleepyhead he believes as a rule what he is told if it is pleasant to believe."

"Well, I can't see why he objects to being a Dormouse," said the Righthandiron.

"I think Dormice are very handsome and just too sweet and amiable to live. They are much pleasanter mice than Window-mice and Stairmice—don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do," returned the Lefthandiron, "and Tom is about the finest Dormouse I ever saw, and I wish he'd let us get acquainted with him."

"Sodo I," said the other, "but if he doesn't it's his own loss. You and I can go off to Santa Clausville by ourselves and have quite as good a time, if not better, than if he were going along with us. I've noticed one thing, my dear Lefty, two's best anyhow.

best anyhow.

Two people in an omnibus
Where there's but one settee,
Can both be seated with less f
Than if the twain were three.

If there is candy for but four, This maxim still holds true. Each one will get so much the more If there are only two. Two boys upon a teeter board Can have just twice the fun That any seesaw can afford If there's another one.

"So I say, what if he doesn't come? You and I will enjoy ourselves just as much. There'll be more candy for us, we won't have to divide the good time we have up have to divide the good time we have it is not the comparts and the live parts are live parts into more than two parts and, what is more, heither of us will have to carry the Dormouse."

Here the two Andirons gave a sidelong

glance at Tom, and saw that he was smiling.
"What are you laughing at? asked the
Righthandiron."Eh. Dormouse?"
"If I'll be a Dormouse will you take me off on your good time with you?"

Tom.
"Certainly, but we can't take anybody who denies that he is what he is or who says that his name doesn't belong to him."

But I can't tell a story, "said Tom.

Nobody asked you to," returned the Righthandiron. "All we ask is that you'll

is Sleepyhead you need'nt try to make people think we don't know what we are talking about by saying that your name isn't Sleepyhead, but Tommy Wideawake, or Billy Lemonstick, or something else; and when we choose to state that you are a Dormouse we want you to be a Dormouse and not go crying out through the street, 'I am a huckleberry.' In the countries we visit people think we are the wisest of the wise and what we say no one ever dares dispute."

wise and what we say no one ever dares dispute."

"So, you see, my dear Dormouse," said the other, "we couldn't possibly take you off with us unless you fall in with our plans and submit to our calling you anything we please."

"I don't see why you are not willing to admit that I am a boy, though," insisted Tom, who, although he was extremely anxious to go off with the Andirons, did not really like to lose sight of the fact that he was a boy. "What good does it do you or me or anybody else for me to admit that I am a Dormouse, for instance?"

"A little tail which I will wag for you," said the Righthandiron, "will explain how that is. Did you ever know a boy named Ebenezer J. Carrottop?"

"No I never heard of any person with such an absurd name, as that," returned Tom.

"Well you are very fortunate not to have been one of Ebenezer's particular friends," said the Righthandiron. "If you had been the story I am going to tell you would have made you very unhappy. As it is not having known Ebenezer, and having in fact taken a dislike to him because of his name, the story dislike to him, because of his name, the story

will amuse you more than otherwise."
"Good," said Tom; "I like to be amused."
"That being the case," said the Andiron,
"I will proceed at once to tell you the story
of Ebenezer." To be Continued.

SAMARITAN IN A RAINCOAT.

A Welcome Figure That Blew in Among Some Ice-Coated Snow Shovellers.

The wind that blew last Saturday brought some good to a gang of snow shovellers who were cleaning up the heavy slush at 135th street and Third avenue.

The wind was so strong that a great deal of the slush which left the shovels for the carts came back against the men, spattering and covering them from head to foot. As the cold came with the wind the mixture of snow and water froze into a disheartening

rmor on the shoveliers.
Then it was that a modern Samaritan in a warm raincoat came. He watched the shovellers at their dreary job for a mo-ment and then shot into the corner saloon. coming out a moment later with a quart bottle of whiskey and two glasses. "This is on me," shouted the man in the raincoat to the boss of the shovellers. "Tell

em to warm up."

The man in the warm rain-coat didn't get away soon enough to escape hearing the cheer that the shovellers sent after him.

DEEP PLACES IN THE SEA.

A Hole More Than Five Miles in Depth Discovered Near Porto Rico. From the Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.-Some surprising ocean depths around Porto Rico have been discovered by officers of the despatch boat Dolphin who are making soundings. These seem to confirm the theory hydrographers that the Atlantic Ocean in the vicinity of Porto Rico and Bermuda is of the greatest known depressed area, except

that in some few places in the Pacific. Re-ports under date of Jan. 20 received at the Navy Department from the Dolphin state that the record of 4,561 fathoms obtained by the Blake in 1882 has been surpassed by one made about 70 miles westward of the position of the greatest previously discovered depth in the North Atlantic. phin found bottom after 4,662 fathoms tove five miles) of wire had been run out. This is said to be the deepest spot so far found in the entire Atlantic As compared with depths ascertained i

other parts of the world these soundings indicate that the next deepest places found in the Atlantic are in the Caribbean sea south of the Great Cayman, where the ocean's bottom was touched at 3,284f athoms. The deepest known spot in the South At-lantic Ocean is a place of 4,030 fathoms, lying 11 miles south of the equator off the Brazilian coast. The most depressed portion of the crust of the earth so far recorded is in the North Pacific Ocean and was discovered by Lieutenant Commander H. M. Hodges, in the Nero, who measured a depth of 5,260 fathoms. This depression is nearly equaled e st of the Kermadec Islands in the South Pacific Ocean, where the British ship Pen-guin ran out 5,142 fathoms of line in 1895.

The deepest place in the Indian Ocean, according to United States surveys, is where about 3.293 fathoms have been found. In the Antarctic regions the greatest sound-ings taken show 1,995 fathoms, and in the Arctic Ocean a depth of 2,650 fathoms has

been reported. WHAT HAPPENED TO DAVIS.

It Couldn't Have Happened But for Great Modern Invention.

From the Chicago Tribune Robert J. Davis works in the auditing de-partment of a big town corporation. Robert J. Davis is also a salesman for the same com-pany. The man in the auditing department is short and thin and possesses a shrill, squeaky little voice. The salesman is a big man, with a deep bass voice. Both are married. The other day the telephone bell rang in the office and a woman's voice called for Mr. Davis-"Mr. Bob Davis." The boy called the sales man to the 'phone. The other Davis had

"Hello, Bob!" said a woman's voice as the big salesman took up the receiver. "Why didn't you meet me at noon as you promised? Do you think I have nothing to do but to wait

around in the cold?"

Now, Davis, the salesman, had made no engagement with anybody for noon that day, so he naturally said, "Who is this talk-

ing?"
"Who is it?" snapped back the woman's voice. "You're Bob Davis aren't you?" "Yes." said the salesman in his deep voice.
"Don't try to scare me by talking down in

"Don't try to scare me by talking down in your boots," went on the woman. "I'll teach you to make appointments with me and then not keep them."
"You must be joking," said Davis, who was entirely at sea.
"I'll show you whether I'm joking or not when I get you home to-night," the woman answered.
"Fut, madam," the salesn an began.
"Don't you but, madam," me, snapped the woman. "I'll teach you to treat your wife in this way. What woman did you eat lunch with, sir?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the big salesman.

"Well it won't take me more than ave minutes to show you this evening."

Just then the man at the 'phone heard a
numbed shrick at the other end of the wire.
Then a voice reached him faintly, saying in
a shrill whisper. "Why, Bob, where did you
come from? I thought I was talking to you
on this wire." In answer, still more faintly,
he heard, "I was delayed, dear, and came
as soon as I could. It's only a quarter after
neon row."

Then the 'phone was hung up with a snap, and "Bob" Davis, the salesman, went back to work feeling as if he had been prying into another man's private affairs.

One Way to Obtain Release. From the Washington Post

Senator Dolliver of fowa tells a good cam-paign story on himself. He was making speeches in his Congressional district when a member of the House and arrived one afternoon at a little town. When he reached afternoon at a little town. When he reached the hotel he discovered that the proprietor, an old friend of his, had voluntarily gone to jail rather than pay what he believed to be an unjust and illegal tax. The hotelkeeper soon learned that Dolliver was in town and thereupon sent this note to the Sheriff.

"DEAR M: SHERIFF: Please let me out of jail for two hours to hear my friend Dolliver make a speech."

"The Sheriff," says Mr. Dolliver, "was not only an obliging soul, but he was not devoid of humor. He sent an order to the hotel-keeper releasing him from jail for two hours to hear me speak, and then he added: "The remainder of your punishment is remitted."

MINE BOYS IN A UNION;

This, It Is Hoped, Will Stop One Annoyanee in the Coal Fields.

WILKES-BARRE, Feb. 8 .- Soon throughout the anthracite coal field there will flourish the Junior Locals of the United Mine Workers. These are unions composed of the little breaker, door and driver boys, lads from 10 to 16 and 18 years old. They are being organized on the same plan as their fathers and big brothers,

and are proud of it. When the mine workers became unionzed a few years ago the irrepressible breaker boys saw in unionism chiefly a means to do as one pleased and worry the company, and they followed the example of some of their fathers in striking when the. cause was slight. Indeed, many of them sought excuses for striking. A circus in town has been the cause of

many idle days. A harsh word by a breaker boss, the discharge of a popular boy, a challenge from another town for a baseball game, a desire for a tramp on the mountains. everything and anything the boyish mind could think of, was sufficient for a strike. In the last three years the breaker boys

have caused more trouble by strikes than the men. They were such an uncertain quantity that there was no telling when the whim for striking would seize them. Some have actually gone on strike in the early part of the winter to compel the em-

ployer to promise them a sleigh ride before the winter ended. Work was not a question with them of earning daily bread, it was a tiresome necessity, a duty without a reward; for the few dollars were always. given to their fathers and mothers at the end of the month. So, tiring of work, they would strike. The operators tried to stop them, but

in vain. If the youthful strikers, after a few days, desired to return to work and the employers resolved to punish them by keeping them idle for a few days longer, the strike became a real frolic for the lads and they enjoyed marching to the next breaker and inviting the boys there to join them, and the other boys were usually nothing loath.

The fathers and brothers tried also to stop them, for every time the boys struck the idleness of the breaker made the en-tire mine idle and the fathers and big brothers were obliged to be idle and unpaid. They could not afford this.

Affairs were going from bad to worse when some genius among the mine workers' leaders saw the solution. He argued that the boys should be organized, and they are now being formed into the junior locals and intrusted with the responsibilities, of an organized body. They are told that the chief law of the union is obedience, and that they must follow the directions of the leaders. They have replied that they will. They have been told that the success of the union is in their keeping, that strikes are against the union's principles, unless ordered by the national board, and they declare they will not strike without orders. They are impressed with their importance, and they mean to uphold the union.

As an organization the boys of each breaker form a local union, and have regular meeting nights, when like their fathers, they discuss the business of the local union, make speeches, have debates on abor questions, and consider the boys wh go to school as altogether bene them in importance and dignity.

SMOKE ON THE GREAT LAKES. The Disasters That Followed the Drift of Smoke From Canadian Forests.

The Government has just issued the "Meteorological Chart for the Great Lakes" for 1901. In summarizing the conditions that prevailed in the Lakes for the past year, the report tells of the dense smoks from Canadian forest fires near Georgian Bay that drifted over the eastern end of Lake Superior on Sept. 6 last, and under the influence of brisk northeast winds overspread Lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie on the following day.

A great fire had been raging in the Canadian forests to the east of Lake Huroh The smoky condition of the upper air had been observed for several days as far away as Chicago. When the wind shifted to the northeast on Sept. 7 the air over a large part of the lakes became filled to an unusual degree with dust and smoke. The air became so thick that range lights and other channel marks were for the time completely obscured, the brisk winds raising simultaneously quite a heavy sea. As a result of this obstruction of the lights, the high wind and the waves, nine vessels were stranded off Fort Gratiot Light at the extreme southern end of Lake Huron, between 7 P. M. and midnight.

The cloud of smoke was swept away by the next morning, but it had become so dense on the Detroit River in the meantime as to delay navigation for some hours on Sept. 8. Many other disasters were caused by the smoke fog in various parts of the Lakes, greater loss resulting than was ever known before to be caused by smoke in these regions. as Chicago. When the wind shifted to the

From the Baltimore News. The one secret that women know how to keep is, according to unkind critics, that of their age. They will tell everything else that is entrusted to their keeping, but never, even in a moment of expansive indiscretion, will they be induced to reveal the number

of their years.
Of course, this isn't always true. Many feminines tell their ages and those of their women friends with as much freedom as their feminines tell their ages and those of their women friends with as much freedom as their brothers would give the same intelligence concerning themselves, but one elderly lady who recently died was, in the matter of secretiveness, a marvel to her acquaintances. No one except her own brothers and sisters knew her age. Her husband did not, though she was married to him thirty years or more. When the marriage license had to be bought the bride vouchsafed the information that she was "more than is." That was all; so the hardhearted best man put her down as 25 years of age.

In the years that followed she never spoke of her birthdays. Once, when she was asked if she was born in June, she replied that she didn't remember. The natal days of others in the family were celebrated, but hers never. She would talk well on any subject in the wold but ages; on this one she was absolutely dumb.

Before she expired she made single request of her husband. "Please don't allow any dates to appear in the obituary no ices of on my tombstone," she asked. "I don't like dates.

And so her secret died with her, and, though her women friends surmised that, she must

dates.

And so her secret died with her, and, though her women friends surmised that she must be at least ten years older than her husband to justify this sensitiveness, it is quite possible that she was nothing of the sort. She did not look it. She merely had a horror of being reminded of the passage of time.

This was, of course, a very unusual case, but it is sufficient evidence that a woman can keep a secret and she will.

she Had the Advantage.

From the Philadelphia Record.

T've had a good many rebuffs in my line of business, but I struck the limit the other day down on Tasker street, said a collector. I had been after a man for several months to collect a bill of \$6, but had always been put of with excuses and promises. This day his wife came to the door, and I stated my business to her, although I guess she knew all about it.

ill about it.

"My husband is asleep, she said. 'He torks at night, and never gets up till boon. He won't be up for two hours.'

"Yery well, I said, Til be back in two Tery well, I said, I if to back in two hours.

"It won't be worth your while, she said.
I'm sure he hasn't got \$6, and, even if he had, I shall see him before you will. If he has any money in his clothes you can just be your life I'm going to get it myself. I don't think you stand much chance around here.

"After that I didn't think it worth while to go back."